

THE
CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. IV.]

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

[NO. 29.]

Published, weekly, by J. P. Foote,
At No. 14, Lower Market Street.

CINCINNATI, JULY 16, 1825.

{Printed by Looker & Reynolds.
{Terms: \$3 per annum, in advance.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE SEQUEL OF OKUMANITAS.

OKUMANITAS stood on a rocky summit, which overlooked the waters of the West. The silence of solitude was broken by no sounds save the howlings of the wolf, or the shrill cry of the panther. In the gloom of the wilderness, Okumanitas wandered alone. The storm of passion had subsided; but his soul was dark and still as the desert, where the *Samiel* has left its track of desolation. He had now broken the fetters of society, and stood like the last wreck of a sunken world. Hope was extinct for ever; and his spirit, like the worm of the grave, loved to riot on its blasted and decayed images. Alas, unhappy Okumanitas! thou wert formed to revel on the fond endearments of social life. Education had called forth all the energies of thy nature, and thy olive bosom throbbed with the softest touches of feeling; but despondence has blighted the opening blossoms of the mind, and touched the fountains of thy existence with corruption.

"Even here," exclaimed the despairing Indian, "even here the rude tenant of the forest finds its mate, rejoicing in the ties of kindred and the bonds of society. The wolf rears a numerous family in her den of rocks, and the eagle calls to its mate on the mountain summit. For me alone, the earth is a joyless waste—not a beam of gladness crosses the gloom that surrounds me."

The day passed away, and Okumanitas at length sunk exhausted on the ground. A peaceful slumber stole over him, and visions of ecstasy rose on the dreams of the night. The image of her he loved hung over him, and her light brown hair fell on his tawny cheek. She smiled like an angel of mercy, and music soft and holy floated around him. He stretched forth his arms, and the dream departed. It was day—the birds were carolling their matin song—the yellow rays of morning streamed through the tall trees of the forest. A rustling near him drew his attention. On looking up, he saw a panther springing from a neighboring tree, to a limb immediately above him. He started on his feet, and a new sensation of terror rushed through his frame. His gun was uncharged, and stood at some distance

from him. The glassy eye of the prowler had already marked his prey.—Another leap, Okumanitas, and he revels in thy blood! What sound is that? Who is it that arrests the fearful spring. The animal has fallen—his green eye ball rolls in death—his talons are fixed in the earth—his struggles are past. Okumanitas, behold thy deliverer! Far, on an almost inaccessible cliff, stood an Indian, cold, silent and collected, reloading the unerring rifle, which at an incalculable distance, had thus secured its victim. Advancing towards him with the liveliest emotions of gratitude, Okumanitas suddenly paused. Who is the warrior that stands thus high and proudly before him? His party-colored belt is richly decorated with hieroglyphical emblems; his silver breastplate glitters in the rising sun—the plumes of the eagle wave over his expansive forehead, and the deep stains of war measurably obscure the bright olive of his cheek. The fires of youth are no longer gleaming from his eye;—its expression is dark, fearful, and determined. Yet he lifts his searching gaze to the wasted form of the youth before him, and a ray of benevolence brightens his gloomy features—he speaks to him in the accents of compassion—the haughty bearing of the warrior is changed. "And why, young man," he said, "is thy cheek so hollow, and thy lip so bloodless? hast thou just risen from the withered spell of sickness, and seekest thou in exercise the renewal of thy strength? Thou dost well in this, but thy feeble arm yet trembles beneath the weight of thy musket, and thou hadst best return to thy village."

"Warrior," said Okumanitas, "the grave shall soon afford me a home, but I am now a wanderer without a resting place—a stranger on the earth, without kindred or country. I am hastening to the tomb alone, and no one shall ask for Okumanitas."

"I understand you not," said the warrior. "The race of the red men is not yet extinct, and the tents of every tribe are open to receive the stranger. Comest thou not from the dwellings of white men? Thy accent is theirs, and thy feeble form, unlike the children of the forest, betrays the withering breath of luxury."

"Yes," said Okumanitas, with a ghastly smile,—*"I was reared on the very lap*

of luxury, and in the dwellings of white men I learned to shrink from the mildest dews of heaven. My tongue there forgot its native language, and the remembrance of my people flitted before me like the dim and fitful recollection of a dream.—From the chiefs, who sometimes visited the white rulers beyond those mountains, I first regained a partial knowledge of the Indian tongue; and long, though vainly, have I sought among these western wilds some trace of my origin. Among the numerous tribes who inhabit them, the name of Okumanitas was never heard. I shall pass away unregretted, and the feet of the hunter shall press careless and rudely on my ashes."

"And why carest thou" said the warrior, "for the narrow distinctions of kindred? The red man is thy brother, and the wilderness thou treadest is thy country. Young man, thy spirit sleeps. The nation that fostered thee are the enemies of thy race, and are now trampling on the bones of thy people. Rouse, Oh youth, from this torpor—thy strength may yet be renewed, and thou mayst then go forth to the rescue of thy injured brethren. Behold, the tribes of the forest are rising—the foot of the invader approaches our last possessions, and the hour of vengeance has come. Go, young man, and join our warriors: they will teach thee the arts of war, and recount to thee the numerous oppressions of our nation. If worthy of thy race, thou wilt soon grasp the hatchet and bathe it in the blood of our enemies. Every tribe shall then hail thee as a brother, and thy fathers shall behold thy deeds from the residence of the Great Spirit."

The warrior paused—his strong muscular arm was raised with a fearful expression, and a dark smile crossed his feature, like a lurid glare of lightning on the sable skirts of a stormy sky. But his words fell on the soul of Okumanitas unheeded as the voice that calls the mouldering dead. The spring of feeling was broken forever; and he looked, with a dim and languid perception, on the billows of existence. Still the warrior beheld him with an aspect of compassion. His tall, graceful figure, though deeply attenuated with disease—his lofty, though pale forehead—his eye, sunken indeed and bloodshot, yet darkening with a bright and unutterable expression as he lifted it silently to

heaven, still rendered him an object of interest, even to the haughty savage who strove thus vainly to animate him to exertion.

"I will accompany you," he said, "to the nearest village. We shall reach it ere the sun completes half his journey. You will there find rest and food, and no one shall behold you as a stranger."

Okumanitas assented, for the voice of kindness even yet awakened the feeble vibrations of decayed feeling. They commenced their little journey, and the warrior carefully measured his pace by the languid step of his companion. It was a sultry day, and Okumanitas felt himself sinking beneath its heat; but the warrior was unconscious of its enervating power. The sound of murmuring water was at length heard, and Okumanitas sprung eagerly forward. Cold and transparent a fountain gushed through the rocks of the dell that intercepted their path, and breathing with new life as his parched lips touched the stream, he bathed his fainting limbs in the pure element. But why does the warrior pass the spot unheeded?—there is no breeze stirring on the hills—the deer lies panting in the shade, and the dark green trees of the forest droop in the searching vapour. Yet the fountain of the valley rises vainly before him, and he strides across its limpid current, with a step that seems to mock its inviting murmurs. "Warrior," said Okumanitas, "can you pass this stream untasted? Behold how clear it gushes from the solid rock." "I see it," said the chief, carelessly, "but the Great Spirit often commands his warriors to spurn the idle wants of the body.—Their souls are thus purified, and the dreams of the night carry them to the dwellings of their fathers.—They are then instructed how to conquer on the field of battle, and the soul of TECUMSEH thirsts only for the blood of his enemies.

"Art thou, then, TECUMSEH," said Okumanitas, gazing almost fearfully on the stern countenance of the lofty chief. "I have heard the name, and know thee terrible as the tempest; yet I find thee also compassionate as the summer dews, and surely thy arm is strengthened by Him who builds up and destroys at pleasure." While he yet spoke, the distant village broke on his view, and ere they reached it, Tecumseh was recognized by its inhabitants. The youth thronged forth to meet him, and the old men gathered round the door of their principal tent to receive and welcome him. Presented as an invalid, Okumanitas was also received with kindness. Refreshments were brought him, and the females of the village employed all their little art to amuse the sick stran-

ger. Tecumseh was immediately conducted to the council house, where he spent the remainder of the day with the chiefs of the tribe; and at evening, the commencement of their war dance, wild, frantic, and peculiar, revealed the result of their deliberations. At some little distance from the fearful group, Okumanitas rested on a mat, and gazed at the scene with the mingled sensations of delight and horror. Their light and spectral figures, at one moment drawn up to their utmost height, then bending like a reed in a strong wind;—their fantasting dress streaming on the evening breeze;—their arms flashing in the yellow moon-beams, as they brandished them in the air;—the clashing of the weapons;—the tinkling of their ornaments;—the deep hollow music of the drum;—their cries, and the chilling tones of their war song, all struck with an overpowering force on the decayed soul of Okumanitas. Exhausted with fatigue, the warriors at length seemed to pause. An aged squaw now approached the scene, and as she passed the spot where Okumanitas was reclined, he instinctively shrunk from her appalling aspect. As she joined the warriors, her hollow eye gleamed with unhallowed fire, and her skinny hands were clinched with unutterable fury.—They struck their arms at her approach, and she immediately commenced singing in a voice that seemed to issue from the tombs.

"Young men, arise, go forth to the field of battle. The night has passed away. The mist rolls back from our hills—the morning breaks on the darkness of our country.

"A warrior comes in the strength of the avenger. He comes to save the expiring race of the red man. He calls them to rise from the furthest bounds of the wilderness, and build a wall round the remnant of our country.

"Young men, ye have slumbered beneath the feet of your enemies. They have danced on the graves of your kindred, and you have not awakened. Rise, now, and bathe your languid limbs in their blood. A Chief cometh to guide you in the field of battle, and your enemies shall pass away before you.

While yet the Sun was young, the Red Man was planted on the earth. His race was like the leaves of the forest, and his hunting grounds spread before him like the blue sky, whose bounds no one has found. But the white man came over the great waters, and scattered desolation around him. He drove us from our hunting grounds; he burnt our villages; he deceived our warriors; he slaughtered whole tribes, and washed their names from the earth with their blood.

"Warriors, arise! the fire of vengeance is kindling. The white man faints at its approach. Go forth, and give him to the flames. Already I hear his groans on the air, and our slaughtered countrymen are laughing at his agonies."

The song and the dance at length ceased, and Okumanitas fell into a kind of death like slumber. His system was nearly exhausted, and the morning found him extremely ill. The aged Songstress of the preceding evening came immediately to his assistance. She was considered a kind of priestess in the village, and possessing some medicinal skill, was also their physician. The old woman, notwithstanding her fearful aspect, evinced some interest in the situation of Okumanitas, and had him removed carefully to his lodge. In the course of the day, as she bent over him to administer some salutary preparation, her eye caught a deep stain on his breast, and she suddenly exclaimed, "whence are you, and to what tribe do you belong?" Roused from his state of torpor by this exclamation, and the frantic look that accompanied it, he exerted himself to reply, and gave his history in a few words. The old woman interrupted him with a deep cry of untranslatable import. "Yes," she at length said, "thou art indeed the last descendent of the family of MONTONGA, and in me, young man, behold the mouldering wreck of all thy kindred. Thy mother's family, with all my growing branches, were lopped away by the white man's sword. Our enemies approached us, and thy father, the last hope of Montonga, went out with our young men to meet them. He was slain, and the white men pressed forward to our village. We fled in canoes at their approach; but their guns were pointed across the stream, and thy mother's blood reddened the wave. I knew not thy fate. Thou hadst escaped the eye of watchfulness, and we had traced thy little footprints along the path thy father had taken, when the shouts of the enemy approached us. We thought thee sacrificed, and fled. But I alone of all thy kindred escaped in safety. Since that hour my soul has withered up, and I have panted vainly for vengeance. In thee, I see a long lost scion, sprung indeed from my blasted root: but the canker of death is already at thy heart, and thou shalt soon mingle with the ashes of my slaughtered offspring."

Okumanitas struggled to reply, but in vain. His inmost heart yearned for the maternal embrace. But alas! he shrunk with a kind of horror from the wild and withered form that bent over him. "See," she exclaimed, as she removed his clasped hands from his heaving bosom, "behold

the united emblems of the bear and the pather, the symbols of mine and thy mother's family. These hands impressed the unfading stain on thy infant breast, ere the second sun had risen on thy birth. But thou must be calm, Okumanitas; that tear—it suits not the tawny cheek of the Indian. Thou shalt not live, indeed, to avenge thy kindred; but shalt meet them in the clouds. Rest thee, then, Okumanitas, and wait calmly for the summons of the Great Spirit." Montonga was now silent for some moments; at length she resumed, "Hadst thou strength, I would lead thee to the grave of thy mother. At this very spot the waves bore her to the shore, and I laid her in the rocks, which raise their white cliffs above the stream. But 'tis no matter, I will lay thee beside her, and her spirit shall meet thine, in thy journey to the skies."

A kind of supernatural animation now rushed through the system of Okumanitas, and his soul resolved to take its flight from the tomb of his departed parent. He rose without an effort, and adjured Montonga to lead him to the sacred spot. She acquiesced in silence, and Okumanitas followed her with a firm and decided step. In the deep recess of a rude and rocky precipice, Montonga had formed a kind of coffin, on which she had piled a mass of rock that had defied the hand of time to loosen. It yielded easily, however, to the touch of filial piety, and on lifting its cover, a skeleton, with long black hair, met the eager eye of Okumanitas. A bracelet composed of shells still compassed its fleshless arm, and here and there a silver ornament glittered in the glossy tresses which lay in thick masses round the hollow temples. Okumanitas knelt beside the coffin, and gazed wistfully for some moments on the fearful image of decayed mortality. The sun was sinking in a flood of glory, and reflected a strong glare of light on the features of the dying Indian. Their expression at length changed—he stretched forth his emaciated hands to heaven; his bloodless lip moved—a smile of unearthly brightness passed over his face—his uplifted eye became fixed, and the next moment was closed for ever.

D.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Ayr, June 15, 18—.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Here I am at last, within two miles of the very spot which gave birth to our favorite BURNS. I arrived about two o'clock, dined at three, and set out immediately to see "his auld clay biggin." It is a neat little cottage, situated on the right hand side of the road from Glasgow to Port-Patrick, near the banks

of the Doan, surrounded by very beautiful and interesting scenery: and within a short distance of the ruins of *Alloway Kirk*, so well known in the Tale of "Tam O'Shanter."—It is covered with *thatch*, and just below the eave, and between the door and window of the *parlour*, is a board with this humble inscription: "Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet, was born under this roof on the 29th of January, 1759." In the corner of the room stands a rude portrait of the poet, with nearly the same inscription. I was conducted to the family apartment, (the house is now a tavern,) and had the very corner pointed out to me, in which the bard was brought forth; and it is remarkable, that this humble, but honoured cottage has never been the birth place of any other individual.—The inhabitants of the neighborhood are very particular in communicating this singular fact. Indeed, one cannot speak to them of BURNS, or of his works, without awakening in them a strong desire to oblige the living and do honor to the dead. They seem anxious to please, and are sure to tell you all they know of this extraordinary man: and really, the more I know of BURNS, the more strongly am I convinced that such an extraordinary genius has seldom appeared in the world. As a poet of nature, formed to soften the affections and to melt the heart, where has he ever been excelled? and as a man, even "with all his faults," who has ever been more universally beloved? Those who knew him best, loved him most, and have, not unfrequently, been found weeping over the pages he left them to keep in remembrance the happy or more melancholy days in which they were composed.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
Scotland shall never see his like again.

Having spent some time in conversation about the poet and his old companions in the neighborhood, I walked out alone to take a view of the scene of "Tam O'Shanter"—and from the "crossing of the ford," followed his path "through the whins," &c. to the "key stone of the Brig," where I sat down and opened a small volume of the poems: a thousand recollections all rushed upon my heart at once, and I felt, most forcibly, that this world is not the rest of man. How evanescent and perishing are all earthly things! how quickly do men of the brightest intellect, and of the most exalted attainments, pass away! in a moment they descend into the narrow house, and are seen no more. "The days of the years of man's life, are few and evil. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

There is something melancholy in the very idea of visiting scenes made dear to

us by one who can behold those scenes no more: here every thing appeared as beautiful and interesting as BURNS had described it;—but he himself, alas, was gone—"the banks and braes of bonny Doon," and the very waters as they passed, seemed to lament his loss;—all nature appeared to be in unison with the feelings of the wanderer.—A gentle shower of rain had just descended from the heavens, the sky was calm and serene, and the little birds sung so soft and sweetly, that it seemed as if the spirit of the poet still lingered here, and called forth this effort of nature to break the heart. I could have mingled my tears with the rain drops which trickled from the foliage, but I suppressed them with a sigh, and tore myself away.

Adieu to thee, fair Doon: how long, delighted,
The stranger fain would linger on his way:
Thine is a scene, alike, where souls united,
Or lonely contemplation, thus might stray.
BYRON.

Oh! my dear friend, why do I attempt to describe any thing connected with the remembrance of BURNS. Had I his pen, or that of the noble author of the quotation above, I might on this occasion do justice to the subject; but the effect will in a great measure be lost, except your own glowing imagination can finish the picture—Farewell.

To-morrow I shall continue my journey, and the day following expect to reach Ireland. I should have visited the tomb of Burns—and also one who was dear to him in sorrow and in joy—but after an absence of so many years, and now within a few days' journey of my native home—I cannot prevail on myself to turn again to the right hand or to the left.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land,'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

Once more—Farewell.

Yours always,

LETTER FROM A RECLUSE.

[Concluded from page 219.]

"The causes that led to the establishment of our Institution, are probably as various as the members originally composing it. However, they were mainly the suggestions of minds sensibly oppressed with witnessing the misfortunes of human nature. Some minds, you know, have an aptitude to feel for others ills, and such will be always busied in contriving means for their relief. It matters not in what clime—in what part of this world men think on this matter, if they reason clearly—they must come but to one conclusion, and that is the same to which we have

arrived—the establishment of Communities as the only means of perfecting the human character. The principles embraced in our scheme are few and comprehensive. We hold that man is essentially amiable and humane. He must be so from the very constitution of his nature. He is a sensitive being, and as such must prefer agreeable to painful sensations.—All actions calculated to administer pleasure to beings organized like ourselves from the effects of sympathy, must communicate agreeable feelings. On the contrary, every action calculated to wound or injure, will produce feelings of sorrow or pain. Every virtuous or benevolent action, so called, is no other than that calculated to confer some benefit on our species. So, vicious or bad actions are no other than those calculated to injure, and which form the vindictive passion that we imbibe so early in life, and which may first have had their origin in disease. But from whatever source they do spring, they are confirmed and strengthened first by an erroneous education, and afterwards identified with the character from a vacated social connection. We think that the ideas of merit or demerit have no warrant in the nature of their existence, and we regard them as obnoxious to the happiness of man. He is fortunate, or, I would rather say may be, who has been surrounded by a chain of circumstances, calculated to place him in a situation of power and influence. The solicitous care of a provident parent, or some other causes, have given rise to most splendid intellects. The industry of a father, a connexion, or the thrifty maxims of those having the care of our early education, gives us wealth. The most successful owe their elevation to some cause, perhaps so trifling as to escape observation. Every event of our lives hangs on a chain of cause and effect, over which we have no control; and you may as well attach merit to the floating plank borne on the current of a river, for having been lodged in the branches of a high tree, as to attribute merit to a man occupying an elevated station in society. This idea of merit and demerit begets an artificial distinction in society, which will inevitably lead to all the consequences of tyranny and slavery. The most severe and oppressive vassalage, is not that inflicted by the Jailors, or the laws of a country, but the chains forged by public opinion, binding and constantly galling the moral sentiments of man, and which sinks and degrades his character to the level of the brute, whilst it inflicts wounds on the mind which death alone can heal.

“Rewards and punishments also flow from this idea of merit and demerit. We

have entirely exploded the use of rewards and punishments, and find the practice a most happy consequence.—In a society formed on a plan to generate vice, they must undoubtedly introduce some system for its discouragement, as well as for the promotion of virtue. The consequences of our actions enter into, and become a part of, the exciting motion. For instance, a hungry man sees the means of gratification belonging to another; he is prompted to take it, but recollects the punishment the law inflicts for the theft, and is restrained. His hunger increases until it arrives to that degree of intenseness that it is no longer in his power to resist the temptation, he takes the property of another—the law inflicts its penalty—and with justice, if you could have given this man a control over his physical sensibilities.

“The recognition of perfect equality in the civil and social rights of man, we maintain, is of the first importance, and the rules of our Institution strictly aim at this point. Two individuals coming into this world at the same time, have equal pretensions to all the comforts and benefits this life can afford. We see no reason in nature that one person being born of wealthy parents, should riot in superfluous luxury, and from the mere accidental circumstance of his being so born, exercise dominion over, and oppress one born of indigent parents. They certainly have the same rights from nature, and although institutions man may direct, her laws should never be opposed, for her indications point to our best interests.

“We deny that the artificial distinctions of society make any man happy; but that they make him more wretched, is the demonstration of every day's experience.

“Ask the man who may have attained the summit of his ambition, either in honour or wealth, if he is more happy than when travelling in the obscure walks of life? The proposed end is always merged in the means of attaining it. Ask the man whom Heaven, in its wrath, has cursed with ambition, what he proposes to himself as the reward of all toil and vexation? He will tell you, the enjoyment of my friends in tranquil retirement. He is like one whose race in this din of life, has put beyond his reach, what in the outset he had at hand, and could command at pleasure. We can see no reason for maintaining a state of things uncalled for by the wants of society—a state pregnant with a thousand evils. We have, therefore, abolished all distinctions, but that of age, which is the legitimate and natural ground of superiority. Her enlightened experience is the guarantee of wisdom, so far as the rules of our society go. But

there is a distinction of sentiment.—The most sagacious, active, and intelligent, are always objects of pleasure, for they are the most useful.

“Dependence of one individual on another, is a thing unknown among us. Every individual member of our society has equal rights, and all depend on the Community alone for their subsistence and pleasures. We expect every individual, subject to the rules for producing industry, to contribute his share to the general stock. In making a distribution of our labour, we consult capacity and inclination. We have no idlers but those who should, from their age, be exempt from labour. On the other hand, the quantity of labour is trifling, but little more than enough to constitute a healthful exercise. The periods for labour, recreation, and study, are so divided, as to constitute a system, which every man who has a regard to his health and comfort would adopt, as your observation on our habits and distribution of time, will show.

“We never criminate nature by attaching the idea of crime to that which is innocent in itself. The entire catalogue of crimes displayed on the statute book of civil society, may be charged more on the society itself, than the victim of the law.

“Ours is a domestic fraternity.—We endeavour by identifying interest, recreation, and study, and constant association, to beget a lively habitual sympathy, which is the strongest tie of social affection.

“The fathers and mothers of our family, including persons over 60 years, are alone employed in admonishing and advising any member, whose actions may disturb the social communion.

“Situation, we hold, is the source from whence spring all the ideas of man. His motives of action, and all his notions of right and wrong, spring from the same cause. To give him a distinct and clear perception of the relation in which he stands to others, and the extent he is bound to serve them, he should search his own character. Pleasure and pain are the natural objects of desire and dislike; but the reasonings of man on the best means of obtaining that end, are as various as existence itself. It is in vain that the institutions of men oppose the dictates of nature. They may teach the most refined system of morals that ever philosophy invented—they may thunder against the passions and inclinations, or use the threats of the sacerdotal casuist—it is all in vain; inclination wants but opportunity for indulgence. A mother leaves a half dozen hungry children in a room, where cakes and sweat meats are deposited.—She charges them, on pain of incurring

her displeasure, to touch none of them. Must not that mother be a fool, to suppose her injunctions would be obeyed? Inclination strongly addresses them—they forget every thing but indulgence.

"As man eternally reasons on the best mode of acquiring to himself the greatest number of agreeable sensations, so also in avoiding those which are disagreeable. And if he often precipitates himself into difficulty, it is not that he has neglected the use of reason, but that he has, either not been taught to use it rightly, or has been compelled by unrestricted passions, or unavoidable circumstances. Our method is to instruct man in the knowledge of himself—in the relation he stands to beings of his own race, and also in the relation he stands to things surrounding and acting upon him. We endeavour, so far as we can, to remove every cause affecting the moral happiness of man.

"It is to a Community of civil rights established at the time of the Crusades, that we owe our present perfect forms of government. Previous to that time, the population of Europe was divided into master and slave, or lord and vassal. The allodial tenures had then for nearly two hundred years, been surrendered to the neighbouring boroughs, and all power flowed from them. The example of selling the freedom of governments, cities and towns, led to the gradual introduction of a new state of things. No person at that period, could have conjectured the rapid improvement that event brought about, in the civil relations of men.

"At this time, men in their social condition, are in a state of nature, restrained from violence by their civil laws, to which their social relations tend. The pressing wants, and the cupidity of man, would otherwise lead him to the most tremendous conflicts; and, as it is, his tranquility, his prosperity and comforts, are subjects of which he has little to boast. Now, sir, place him, as we have done, into a state of community, where each is the guardian of the other's happiness—where all his improvements and social interests, partake of a character of perpetuity; take from him every cause which affects him in his social relations—minister to his comforts and pleasures—let there be no mutual dependence—no conflicts of interest—but let all depend on the society alone for their enjoyments—may we not with confidence hope, our whole race, at some future period, will adopt this social course of life?"

Here my kind and intelligent companion aroused me from that attentive study and reflection, with which I had by degrees imperceptibly fallen, and informed me we were already some distance past his

usual walk, and where his kindness had proffered to accompany me. After many kind wishes for my health and safety, which were mutually returned, I parted with my social friend with a kind of regret which is known ever to attend our separation from those whose disinterested kindness has insensibly won our esteem.

LAFAYETTE MASONIC CELEBRATION.

A description has been given, in the Journals of this city, of the general features of the masonic respect paid to General Lafayette by the fraternity of Cincinnati; but as there was something novel in a part of the ceremony, a more particular account, it is thought, will not be uninteresting, if not to the public generally, at all events, to the brethren at a distance. We allude to that portion of the reception comprised in the proceedings of Lafayette Lodge, of which, the General had been elected an honorary member.

In expectation of the visit of this most distinguished and philanthropic individual, a number of masons, not belonging to either of the Lodges of this place, formed themselves into a body, and received a dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Ohio, under the title of 'Lafayette Lodge.' Immediately after its organization, applications for initiation and membership, became uncommonly numerous; so much so, that before the arrival of Lafayette, the Lodge, although but three months old, was not surpassed by any other similar body in the country, for respectability, talents, or numbers. Previously to his reaching Cincinnati, the General was elected an honorary member for life. On the afternoon of the day on which he arrived in this city, the three Lodges met at their Hall in Third street, which was tastefully ornamented for the occasion. Nova Cæsarea Harmony Lodge opened first;—after the usual proceedings, a Committee composed of Past-Masters, waited upon the General, at Col. Mack's Hotel, and conducted him to the Hall, where he was received with *Grand Honours*, and with every other masonic distinction that the fraternity could bestow on a being, whose whole life presents one unbroken series of practical illustrations of the beauty of the order. Brother S. Miller, a member of Harmony Lodge, and R. W. Deputy Grand Master of Ohio, made a feeling address, on behalf of the Lodge, which, with the one made by Brother Brooks in Miami Lodge, has already been published. Lafayette made a most animated reply. Miami Lodge, next in seniority, then opened, and the 'Nation's Guest' was here again warmly greeted, in a handsome address, by

Brother M. Brooks, Past-Master of this Lodge. It is much to be regretted, that the answers were not taken down, at the moment; but the attention and feelings of the members were so completely monopolized, that the opportunity was entirely lost; they were, however, replete with that graceful eloquence, which has marked all the extemporaneous effusions of this valuable man; and a vein of friendly and paternal sentiment pervaded the whole, that endeared him to every brother.

"Lafayette Lodge" was now opened; when the brethren were called to order, and the name first reached the General's ear, there was an evident and well defined expression of gratification and surprise, playing over his countenance; it was plain that he did not, until this moment, comprehend the nature of the compliment, intended to be offered to him.—An Ode, written for the occasion, by the Worshipful Master of this Lodge, Brother Morgan Neville, was recited by Brother John H. James, in a masterly manner, and with fine effect. The General made a few feeling and pertinent remarks in reply to Brother James, in which he did not forbear noticing the handsome and oratorical manner of the speaker. Brother Past-Master George Graham, who occupied the *East*, and filled the chair, in the absence of the Worshipful Master, confined to his room by indisposition, then addressed Brother Lafayette as follows:

BROTHER LAFAYETTE,

"It is with extreme embarrassment, I rise to address you; it is a duty, I had not expected to perform, and it is only this moment, that I have received a message, from our worshipful master, Morgan Neville, stating his inability to quit his room, directing me to proceed as his Representative, and to express to you the profound regret he feels on being prevented from having the honour of presiding at the present interesting ceremony; at the same time that I properly appreciate the favor conferred on me in creating me his substitute, I cannot forbear avowing my own disappointment, at his absence, convinced as I am of the nature of those emotions which would occupy your bosom, on meeting in the master of this Lodge, the son and representative of your ancient aid and devoted friend.

Brother—Your career through life, distinguished as it has been, by philanthropy and patriotism, has never ceased to interest the virtuous portion of the world; whether we view you as the youthful and accomplished nobleman, in possession of wealth and rank, tearing himself from the arms of his lovely bride, and risking life, fortune and fame in support of American Independence; or as the knightly chieftain of the National Guard, correcting with intrepid judgment and delicacy the licentiousness of revolutionary brutality; or as the heroic and inflexible martyr to consistency and virtue, entering the gloomy walls of the Dungeon of Olmutz,—equal glory, equal splendour, surround your character. Since your arrival on our shores, in the evening of life, when the prejudices of Europe have subsided, and suffered your

principles to shine forth in unclouded purity, this interest has become doubly intense; but to none, beloved brother, is it so much so, as to the community of masons, so thickly spread over the face of the Union.

You have been received by the voluntary acclamations, of a nation of Freemen, with which the demons of envy and malice have not been able to mingle one solitary murmur. This has been most grateful to our hearts; but during these brilliant exhibitions of public gratitude and personal devotion, there has been a frequent recurrence of one fact, which if possible, has been still more gratifying to us—you have lost no opportunity of distinguishing our Order, by public demonstrations of your consideration for it. We have heard of your quitting the splendid scenes of the festive hall, where you stood the centre of attraction, more to be envied than the victor under the triumphal arch, for the purpose of meeting our brethren on the *Level of Equality*, and of aiding their operations, in the great work of philanthropy and benevolence. For this we thank you; you were performing a sacred duty, it is true; and this, to Lafayette, carried its own reward. But, Brother, other benefits, *have, and will*, continue to result from your conduct on this occasion, which you are not aware of; the good effects will be felt, by future generations of the fraternity; our successors will hail the name of Lafayette, and widows and orphans will bless his memory, long after the youngest brother now present shall be admitted to the *CELESTIAL LODGE* of the *SUPREME ARCHITECT* of the Universe. For ourselves, we thank you; for the cause of American Masonry we thank you. Your arrival in the United States has furnished a rich field for the political historian; it has done more; it forms an era in the masonic annals of this country.

Under the hope that you would visit this city, this Lodge was established, as a slight testimony of masonic regard. We hope hereby to assist in perpetuating the circumstance, of your having been amongst us. We have presumed to elect you an honorary member, for life; we beg you not to reject our good wishes, but suffer me to present you with a Diploma, and to clothe you with this Lambskin, which we pray you to accept as an humble memorial of our veneration and of our love."

The Master then presented the General with a Diploma of membership, and clothed him with an elegant apron, with his own likeness impressed on it, being the uniform of the Lodge. He then recorded his name in the book of original signatures. He seemed much affected during the ceremony, and the tear of deep feeling, was more than once seen trembling in his eye. During the whole of the address, he kept Brother Graham's hand clasped in his. After he had entered his name, he replied as follows:

Worshipful Master and Brethren of Lafayette Lodge—

"I want language to express my feelings on the occasion, of being received into the body of this Lodge; the compliment offered to me, in its formation, is a novel one, and is as delicately tendered, as it is gratefully accepted. Since my return to this happy country, many things have struck me with wonder and amazement; the scene now passing, is not among the least surprising; it is one the memory of which, I will cherish, with the most pleasing sensations, to the last hour of my life. To find a splendid

and populous city, in a place, which, when I last quitted your shores, was exclusively the haunts of the savage and wild beasts, presents a fact not less astonishing than it is pleasing to me, as one of the asserters of your Independence; these emotions are much enhanced, by meeting, in such a place, so many respectable members of that order, whose leading star is philanthropy, and whose principles inculcate an unceasing devotion to the cause of virtue and morality.

I sympathise with you, Worshipful, in your regret for the indisposition of the Master of this Lodge, Brother Morgan Neville. I have already visited him, and forbidden his coming out on this occasion. If I feel gratified (and believe me, I do most highly) at finding a Lodge instituted as a mark of respect for me, be assured that this gratification is much increased, at finding at its head the son of my ancient Aid, my dear General Neville, and Grandson of my friend, the gallant Morgan.

Accept for yourself and Brethren, my sincere thanks, for the pleasing compliments you have paid me. If I have in any way benefited the cause of Masonry, the reflection will add to my enjoyment, when far away from you, and your charming city. Persevere in the glorious cause of benevolence, and believe me, when I assure you, that although an ocean will separate me, from this beloved country, the recollection of the events of this day, will assist much in cheering an old man in the evening of his days."

The General sat down, much affected, and every brother present sympathized in his feelings. A procession was soon after formed, by the three Lodges, with whom were mingled many distinguished visitors, among whom were the Governor of Kentucky and some of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and many others.—Brother Lafayette, with the usual ceremonies, was then accompanied to the door of Col. Mack's Hotel, where the Lodges took an affectionate and respectful leave of him.

ODE,

Recited before LAFAYETTE, on the occasion of his being made a member for life, of LAFAYETTE LODGE, Cincinnati, by Brother JOHN H. JAMES, Written by MORGAN NEVILLE, Worshipful Master.

Brother of our hearts!
Welcome to the clime once more,
Where liberty the bliss imparts,
Which all her sons adore.
From thy distant native land,
Champion of human kind,
Brother of our ancient band,
Which holiest feelings bind,
We greet thee, gladly, to Columbia's strand.
To that grateful country hail,
Where, in youthful day, you came,
Braving death and Ocean-gale,
For freedom and for fame:—
To that unforgetting clime,
Where, to aid her cause, you sped,
And in her Patriot struggle bled,
While yet in early prime;
To that spot of all the earth,
Where life presents its fairest charm,
And man, exulting in his birth,
Dreads not the tyrant's arm;
Where his bold spirit springs abroad,
Free as his own pure mountain breeze,
Gives homage only to its God,

And in its hour of glory, sees
No haughty slave who scorns its worth.

Freedom! thy spirit claims
Communion with our own;
The fire, that on thy altar flames,
To Masons' hearts is known:
Thy blest benevolence, that shames
The despot on his throne,
Through all our souls extends,
Unites us by a sacred tie,
Which no misfortune rends,
And climes that far asunder lie,
In kindred feeling blends.
Thy language, like our mystic signs,
Is known from pole to pole;

And thought that glows, and hope that shines,
Life's miseries to console,
In accents bold, and true, its might combines.

No Demon art, or gloomy spell,
Or oracle of doubtful sound,
Confines within its murky cell
The charms that in its words are found.
In lands remote of brightest beam,
And those where desolation reigns;
In classic shades, where glory's dream
Defies the clasp of servile chains;
And realms that pine
In mental gloom,
Where no wreaths bloom,
That Genius round her brow would twine,
That universal tongue is heard;—
And never yet,
Loved LAFAYETTE,
Hast thou a worthy brother met,
Who in its utterance erred.—

Welcome brother! once again,
Welcome to the Patriot's home;
To thy praise our votive strain
Echoes through our lofty dome.
From Columbia's hills and vales,
Grateful crowds have rushed to meet thee;
Hoary age repeats its tales
Of thy deeds for nature's cause;
Ardent youth thy presence hails,
With rapturous applause.
Joyous peals, our cannon waking,
Speak thee as the Freeman's Guest;
Millions, selfish hopes forsaking,
Round thy honored form have prest.
The starry banner floats
Where'er thou art advancing;
War's music breathes its sweetest notes,
The gallant soul entrancing;
The glittering band
Of warriors stand
Arrayed in martial panoply,
With joy obeying the command,
That bids them honor thee.
But cannon's roar,
And vocal greeting,
That pealed along the ocean shore,
And mountain echoes are repeating;
The pomp that shines,
Through martial lines;
Music's fairy notes, that rise
On airy pinions to the skies,
No deeper, purer joy reveal,
Than that our hearts can feel,
Brother, at this happy meeting.

Honour to thee, Lafayette!
Boast of our fraternity;
Freemen never can forget,
The love they owe to thee.
Glory, on her brightest page,
Thy virtues shall enrol;
Thy heavenly philanthropy,
Our order's breathing soul,
Where oppressive chains control,
Leads thee, kindly to assuage
Its victim's misery.

By the square of honor guided,
It has ruled thy high career;
To the plumb of truth confided,
Upright all thy deeds appear.
Thy heart, unbribed,
By pomp, or power,
All its hopes has circumscribed
By the compass, that embraces
Bliss, that on proud potentates,
In their happiest, pageant hour,
Never, as a vassal waits.
Tis the bland, delightful feeling,
Which the patriot gladly owns,
When the virtuous brave, appealing
From stern monarch's thrones,
On their dark oppressors turning,
Wield the retributive blade;
And their galling fetters spurning,
Redeemed from shame
That curst their name
Stand in unsullied dignity arrayed.

The great edict is past—
The heaven devised decree,
That promises to worlds at last,
The boon of Liberty.
Through ocean isles, and empires vast,
It cries to all, "Be free!"
In vain confederate kings
Against its might arise,
Its voice, upon celestial wings,
To every nation flies;
Man, from his slavish torpor springs,
And to its sound replies.
He swears in battle field,
For human rights to strive,
And rather than ignobly yield,
Or infamy survive,
To perish in the strife,
While, with his parting life,
One shout of freedom, shall be loudly pealed.
That vow he will redeem.
The struggle of the brave,
Unblest though it may seem,
Their honor yet shall save.
Far over earth and sea,
Fair Freedom's flag shall wave,
And millions now who bow the knee,
Their masters' smile to crave,
From manacles, that bind
The aspirations of the glowing mind,
With giant might shall burst,
And from their doom accurst,
Be rescued by regenerate energy.

Then, from their happier state,
Through ages long gone by,
Mankind shall look, with gaze elate,
Where thrones in ruins lie.
While from each grateful heart,
Spontaneous thanks shall rise,
To thee, who chose the patriot's part,
And gained the patriot's prize.
Then shall all nations consecrate
A Lodge, that shall endure,
Upon its base erect and sure,
Till time's remotest date.
That lasting temple shall embrace,
A world within its space;
And all who in its bounds shall meet,
Whate'er the clime or race,
Whence their lineage they may trace,
As brethren, shall each other greet.

To that Almighty Architect,
Who formed the work complete,
And with its mystic emblems decked,
Their joyful songs shall soar,
Whom on his glory circled seat
As PERFECT and SUBLIME, they shall adore.

CINCINNATI:

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1825.

We owe an apology to our friends for the delay which has happened in the publication of this number of our paper; an occurrence which we sincerely lament, while we are happily relieved from self-reproach by the several valid excuses we shall offer. Our publisher has lately been moving his office, which has caused to us the double loss of his own assistance, and the communications of our correspondents; which are lost for a time among other papers. Another of our editorial band, has also been changing his quarters, by which much matter of promise has been carefully packed in boxes and barrels, where it still lies in disorder and confusion.—Some of our coadjutors have been drawn away by their duties to the sick,—a part by the care of their own ailments, and a part in attendance on their afflicted families. The abandonment was rendered complete by the festivities occasioned by the visits of our distinguished guests, Henry Clay and De Witt Clinton. The honors shown to these eminent patrons of Internal Improvement and Domestic Industry, claimed the attention of us all. The Editors could not omit testifying their admiration of the men—their attachment to the principles for which those men are distinguished, and their zeal for the great cause to which our state now directs her energies, and in which she promises to have so splendid a career. While we were thus deprived of Editors, the ceremony of "breaking ground" at Middletown has proved so attractive, as to leave us without printers too. The festivities are over; we are becoming settled in our new quarters; and health returns to us and ours; so that we anticipate no further interruption of our pursuits, though we scarcely hope that the Gazette will be regularly served to our readers for some days, as we have lately lost our carrier; who has become enamoured of the philosophy of Robert Owen, and has betaken himself to the banks of the Wabash, to live in the practice of his newly acquired principles.

At an early day, we shall endeavor to publish an extra number, by which we shall regain the ground we have lost.

Miscellaneous Items.

Number of American Works published during the last quarter.—In the last six numbers of this Gazette, embracing a period of three months, we have collected and published the titles of one hundred and eighty-five new American works, including pamphlets and periodicals, which have issued from the different presses in the United States during that time. Nine of them are works of two volumes each, making, in all, one hundred and ninety-four volumes. A goodly portion of them, however, are twelve and a half cent pamphlets, of which our authors and presses seem abundantly prolific. In the same numbers we have published the titles of fifty foreign

works, making sixty-nine volumes, which have been reprinted in this country during the same time. The whole number of volumes, therefore, foreign and domestic, which have issued from our presses, during the last three months, is two hundred and sixty-three. Probably many works have been published, which have not reached us, but we think this is as complete a list as can be found in any journal in the country for the same time.—*U. S. Lit. Gaz.*

New University in England.—Such is the number of students accustomed to resort to the Universities now in operation, that it is proposed to establish a third, somewhere in the vicinity of York. To this institution Earl Fitzwilliam has promised to subscribe fifty thousand pounds.—*ib.*

Mr. W. S. Tanner has published his *Map of Mexico*, a work upon which he has been long and earnestly employed.—The sheet is of a convenient size, and comprises a Statistical Table, a Table of Distances, and a Map of the Roads, &c. from Vera Cruz and Alvarado to the Mexican capital. The whole has been so prepared as to be particularly useful to the traveller as well as the mere geographical enquirer. The latest authorities, including the Notes of Mr. Poinsett, have been employed with the customary scientific discrimination of the author. We scarcely need to remark, that Mexico has grown into an importance, which invests a map of this kind with peculiar interest and utility.

Nat. Gaz.

On the 31st May, Henry George Ward was received, with great pomp, by the President of Mexico, as Charge d'Affaires of his Britannic Majesty. Mr. Ward, after he had read aloud his credentials, pronounced an address wherein he dwelt upon the lively interest which his sovereign felt in the aggrandizement and prosperity of the new Republic, and his desire to maintain the relations of friendship that had been so happily established. The President made a suitable reply.

Mr. Poinsett was to be received in form, on the day after, the 1st of June. The *Aguila Mexicana* of the 30th May contains a circumstantial account of a grand ball which Mr. Wilcocks, American Consul, gave, the evening before, at his house, in honor of the arrival of the American Minister. The entertainment is described as splendid, and General Wilkinson is particularly mentioned as one of the numerous guests.

DIED—In Columbus, Ohio, on the 12th inst. Harvey D. Evans, Clerk of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.

Cincinnati Female Academy.

THE annual examination of the Pupils of the Cincinnati Female Academy, will take place on Thursday and Friday next, (28th and 29th inst.) at the Episcopal Church. The friends of the institution are invited to attend.

The order of the examination will be as follows:

On Thursday forenoon, commencing at 8 o'clock, the Preparatory Department will be examined in their various studies; and the English Department, in reading, and in mental philosophy; after which, rewards of merit, such as Certificates, Letters, Premiums, and Medals, will be distributed. Afternoon, commencing at 2 o'clock, in the English, French, and Latin languages, geography and arithmetic.

On Friday forenoon, commencing at 8 o'clock, in Rhetoric, History, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Afternoon, commencing at 2 o'clock, in Botany, Moral Philosophy, and Problems on the Orrery and Globes.

J. LOCKE, Principal.

Original Poetry.

Verses occasioned by reading Campbell's Address to the Rainbow.

"When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!"

CAMPBELL.

Well, let those "lovely visions" fade,
For lovelier still will meet the eye,
When, SCIENCE, by thy light surveyed,
Creation beams with DEITY.

Oh! what is Childhood's curious gaze,—
Its mingling dreams of joy and dread,
The unformed thought, which wandering
strays
O'er spangled skies, or painted mead.

What the brief rapture thus enjoyed,
Compared with his, whose classic mind,
In distant ETHER's seeming void
A thousand "radiant orbs" can find?

Oh, RITTENHOUSE, how blest thy sight,
When, faithful to the moment given,
Thou sawest the Planet's rapid flight
Athwart the broad expanse of Heaven!

Then, as entranced his spirit lay*—
Immortal TRUTH, beneath thy beam,
Say, could enchantment's flickering ray
Create so pure—so bright a dream?

And e'en on yon celestial Bow,
The glorious pledge of LOVE divine,
Her anchor, HOPE can scarcely throw,
Before we lose the peaceful sign.

Yet, trembling mortal! whence that tear?
Let not thy startled Faith give way;
SCIENCE can shew the promise near,
Soft slumbering in each solar ray.

And thus, when wrapt in mental gloom,
The heart no present good describes,
Let FAITH her "perfect work" resume,
And lo! what cheering prospects rise.

No more, bewildered and alone,
In pilgrim-guise life's vale is trod;
Our path by heavenly sweets is known—
"We are surrounded still with God!"

Blest SCIENCE! ever may thy light,
Evolving Nature's secret laws,
With pure RELIGION's flame unite,
And guide us to the ETERNAL CAUSE.

There, as we bend before His throne,
Humbly thy starry crown resign;
Thy arduous course of duty run—
To wonder, and adore, be thine.

EVANNA.

Frankfort, Ky. 2d July, 1825.

*When Dr. Rittenhouse observed the transit of the Planet Venus, which happened in exact accordance with his calculations, his emotion was so powerful, that he fainted.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."

When the minions of Britain first thronged on our shore,
And their hands were embued in the blood of the nation:
And the Genius of Liberty, slumbering no more,
Roused her patriot sons to the bold declaration,
"Our country shall be
"Independent and free,"
Heaven sanctioned the deed, and confirmed the decree:
And ordained that the millions who throng on our shore,
Should be happy, and free, until time is no more.

First favorite of Heaven, then Washington rose,
And scarce can posterity credit the story,
How the power of his arm crushed the pride of his foes,
And our armies conducted to battle and glory.
Like the tempest of night,
Hanging over the fight,
He contends to the last for his country's right;
On their proud swelling ranks in swift thunder descends,
And triumph, and freedom, and glory attends.

When a second time forced by the chances of war,
To contend with our foes for our own independence:
And the relics of Washington slumbered afar,
And his soul had long since reigned in glory transcendent,
Kind Heaven interposed,
And a JACKSON arose,
And he rushed like a thunderbolt full on his foes,
And their ranks with the besom of vengeance he swept:
A lesson to Tyrants they'll not soon forget.

With a warrior so bold, so resistless in fight,
O'er his country's foes so completely victorious,
While our Adams at helm, guides the vessel aright,
Can we fail to be happy, contented and glorious?
But should Tyrants again
Dare our soil to profane,
Our cannons, once more, shall in thunder proclaim
That yon proud silken streamer, that floats on our shore,
Shall triumphantly wave until time is no more.

In a country like ours, Freedom's temple shall rise,
O'er the ashes of tyranny, faction and treason;
Her foundation eternal, her top reach the skies,
Cemented by union, and tempered by reason.
Round her hallowed shrine,
Men of every clime,
Should unite and her altar with laurel entwine,
And proclaim to the world equal rights and free trade,
But destruction to Tyrants, who dare to invade.

Nor should freedom's sons with ingratitude see,
The glad morning return, when, by Heaven's assistance,
Our country long since, resolved to be free,
Burst her fetters at once, and sprang to existence.
Then hence care, away,
While we tune the glad lay,

And breathe our warm prayers on this bright festive day,
That our country, for ages to come, may be blest,
The last refuge of freedom, and home of th' oppress.

SPECTATOR.

Selected Poetry.

From the Spanish of Louis de Leon.

THE STAR LIGHT NIGHT.

I gaze upon yon orbs of light,
The countless stars that gem the sky;
Each in its sphere, serenely bright,
Wheeling its course, how silently!
While in the mantle of the night,
Earth and its cares and troubles lie.

Temple of light and loveliness,
And throne of grandeur! can it be
That souls, whose kindred loftiness
Nature hath framed to rise to thee,
Should pine within this narrow place,
This prison of mortality?

What madness from the path of right
For ever leads our steps astray,
That reckless of thy pure delight,
We turn from this divine array,
To chase a shade that mocks the sight,—
A good that vanisheth away?

Man slumbers heedless on, nor feels,
"To dull forgetfulness a prey,"
The rolling of the rapid wheels
That call the restless hours away,
While every passing moment steals
His lessening span of life away.

Awake, ye mortals, raise your eyes
To yon eternal starry spheres,—
Look on those glories of the skies!
Then answer, how this world appears,
With all its pomps, and vanities,
With all its hopes and all its fears.

What, but a speck of earth at last,
Amidst th' illimitable sky,
A point that sparkles in the vast
Efulgence of yon galaxy:
In whose mysterious rounds the past,
The present, and the future, lie.

Who can look forth upon this blaze
Of heavenly lamps so brightly shining;
Through the unbounded void of space,
A hand unseen their course assigning,
All moving with unequal pace,
Yet in harmonious concord joining:

Who that has seen these splendors roll,
And gazed on this majestic scene,
But sigh'd to 'scape the world's control,
Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,
To burst the bonds that bind the soul,
And pass the gulf that yawns between?

There, in the starry halls of rest, [made;
Sweet peace and joy their homes have
There in the mansions of the blest,
Diviner love his throne hath laid,
With ever during glory grac'd,
And bliss that cannot fly nor fade.

O boundless beauty! let thy ray
Shine out unutterably bright;
Thou placid, pure, eternal day,
That never darken'st into night;
Thou spring, whose ever green array
Knows not the wasting winter-blight.

O fields of never dying green,
Bright with innumerable flowers!
O chrystal rills that glide between!
O shady vales and sunny bowers!
Hath mortal eyes these glories seen,
Yet long to such a world as ours!